DOWNTOWN.
THE BOTTOM OF THE SOCIO-LOGICAL POND.
"I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE BODY... A RED ABSTRACT ON THE STREET.
"I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE PAIN... NERVE ENDINGS STRUMMED WITH BROKEN GLASS.
:UUHH:
"BUT MOST OF ALL...

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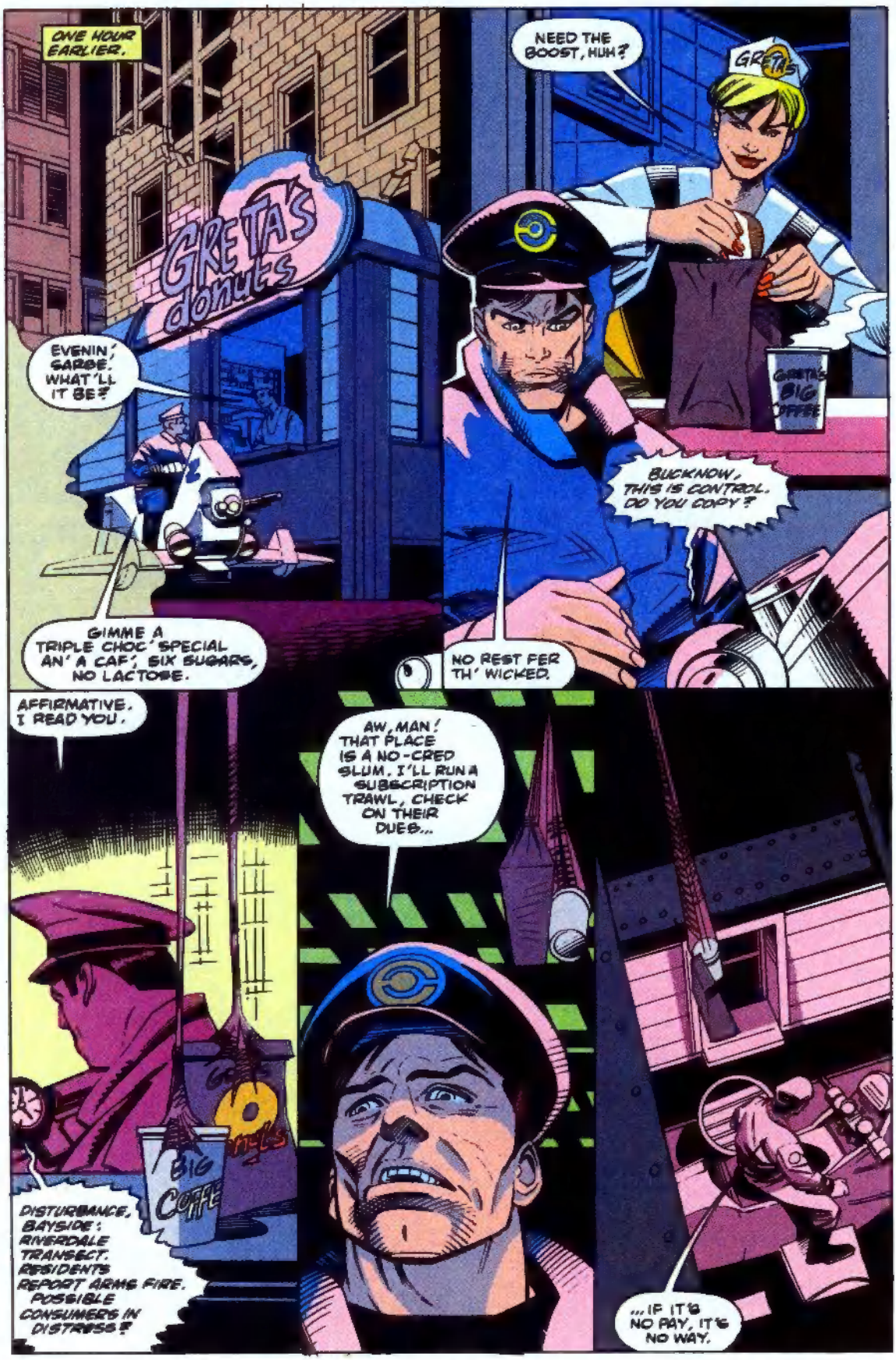
ANYTHIN'?
CHECKIN', BUT NO RES'. BUG BOY CAN'T BE FAR, NOT AFTER THE WAY DITA SLAPPED HIM AROUND.
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
PARLOR GAMES
IAN EDGINTON-WRITER JIM FERN-PENCILER
JOHN NYBERG-INKER ROD OLLERENBHAW-LETTERS
MIKE THOMAS-COLORS
JOEY CAVALIERI-EDITOR TOM DEFALCO-CHIEF

NEXT TIME, LITTLE SNIT'S NOTHIN' BUT A STAIN AN' A MEMORY.
OH, BOY... G...
FAN OUT. FIND HIM. GAME'S NOT OVER YET.

KIDS TODAY, NO RESPECT.
SHOCK, I SOUND LIKE MY OLD MAN... SO FIGURE.
HUNH.
SOMETHING FEELS SOFT INSIDE THAT SHOULDN'T BE.
THIS IS ONE DRASTIC CURE FOR INSOMNIA...DIDN'T PLAN ON GUNG-HO JUVENILE DELINQUENTS PLAYING CATCH WITH MY SPLEEN.
NEXT TIME I CAN'T SLEEP, I'LL SHOOT MYSELF AND SAVE THE GRIEF.
HEH! FUNNY GUY. I KILL MYSELF SOMETIMES...
EXCEPT I KNOW THREE WOMEN WHO COULD BEAT ME TO IT.


ONE HOUR EARLIER.
GRETA'S donuts
EVENIN', GARBE. WHAT'LL IT BE?
GIMME A TRIPLE CHOC' SPECIAL AN' A CAF', SIX SUGARS, NO LACTOSE.
NEED THE BOOST, HUM?
GRETA'S
GRETA'S BIG COFFEE
BUCKNOW, THIS IS CONTROL. DO YOU COPY?
NO REST FER TH' WICKED.
AFFIRMATIVE. I READ YOU.
DISTURBANCE, BAYSIDE: RIVERDALE TRANSECT. RESIDENTS REPORT ARMS FIRE. POSSIBLE CONSUMERS IN DISTRESS?
BIG COFFEE
AW, MAN! THAT PLACE IS A NO-CRED SLUM. I'LL RUN A SUBSCRIPTION TRAWL, CHECK ON THEIR DUES...
...IF IT'S NO PAY, IT'S NO WAY.

YECCH! HOW CAN HE DRINK THIS SLUDGE? I CAN FEEL MY TEETH ROTTING ALREADY!
ALL THAT CAFFEINE AND EMPTY CALORIES, NO WONDER PUBLIC EYE FLYBOYS ARE SO TOUCHY!
WELL? I'M ON MY BREAK HERE, Y'KNOW.
NO RENEWAL, NEIGHBORHOOD SECURITY COVER'S LAPSED, THEIR CONTRACT'S VOID.
FIGURES...
LOSERS. NOTHIN' BUT A WASTE OF SPACE. WELL, THEY'RE ON THEIR OWN.
NOT QUITE.
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE MYSELF USEFUL AND SCOPE THE SITUATION, SEE WHAT THE PUBLIC EYE'S TURNING A BLIND EYE TO.
WOW, ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING...
WHAT THE--
"...ALMOST."

HARVINDER MANN DOES NOT EXIST.
; Pant... Pant é
FORMERLY A VIRAL ENGINEER, HIS TALENTS WERE OUT-STRIPPED BY ADVANCING NEW TECHNOLOGIES.
OH, NO.
LEAVING SO SOON? HOW RUDE. WE WERE ENJOYING OURSELVES.
STILL, IF YOU MUST...
KRAK!
...DON'T LET ME STOP YOU!
REDUNDANT. OBSOLETE. HE'S NOW PART OF A BURGEONING UNDERCLASS.
NNNNNN
CLICK!

BO-ORING, DITA! THE GIMP'S NOT EVEN ARMED. IT'S UNTHRILLING TO THE MAX EXTREMIS, Y'KNOW?
TZIKT!
WITHOUT MEDICORE, PRIVATE SECURITY OR CORPORATE HOUSING, HE'S NO LONGER PART OF THE SYSTEM.
QUIT WHINING, MARLY!
SHE'S RIGHT. I'M FED UP SKELLING NO-CREDS. THEY JUST CRINGE, CURL UP AND DIE...
...WHERE'S THE GRIN?
HERE.
CHAK!
HE'S NOT EVEN A STAT-ISTIC.
BO-ORING!

THIS PLACE'S BEEN PREYING ON MY MIND SINCE THE VULTURE TRIED TURNING ME INTO COLD CUTS... *
"WHICH OF THE INDYS MADE YOU?" HE SAID...
* SPIDEY DOGG #8. --Joey
QUESTION'S BEEN LIKE AN ITCH I CAN'T SCRATCH, ARE THERE INDYS WHO HAVE MADE SOMEONE LIKE M--
HOLY SHOCK!
OOPS! I THINK I BROKE HIM.
HEADS UP, MARYJANES, WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
WHOA, SPIDER-MAN! MISTER TIGHT BUNS HIMSELF!
DIDJA CATCH HIM ON P.E. ACCESS? WAY HE SLICED THAT ZAIBATSU SAMURAI? STONE KILLER OR WHAT?
YEAH, AN' HE'S ALL OURS.
OH, BABY, HE'S 'LISH.
ACT CASUAL.

HOLY! THEY'RE NOT MUCH MORE THAN KIDS!
YOU... YOU MURDERED THAT MAN IN COLD BLOOD?
YOU GOT US THERE, STUD. BUT CALLING THIS RETROGRADE PONDLIFE A MAN'S STRETCHING THE IMAGINATION, Y'KNOW?
YES, YOU! WHO ELSE?
WHO? US?
YOU SICK CREEP! WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT?
KRANG
OOOWWW... BROTHER, SHE'S FAST!
"RICH SICK CREEP", IF YOU DON'T MIND. RICH ENOUGH TO BUY ME ALL THE RIGHT I WANT!
BY THE WAY, WAS THAT YOUR BEST SHOT?

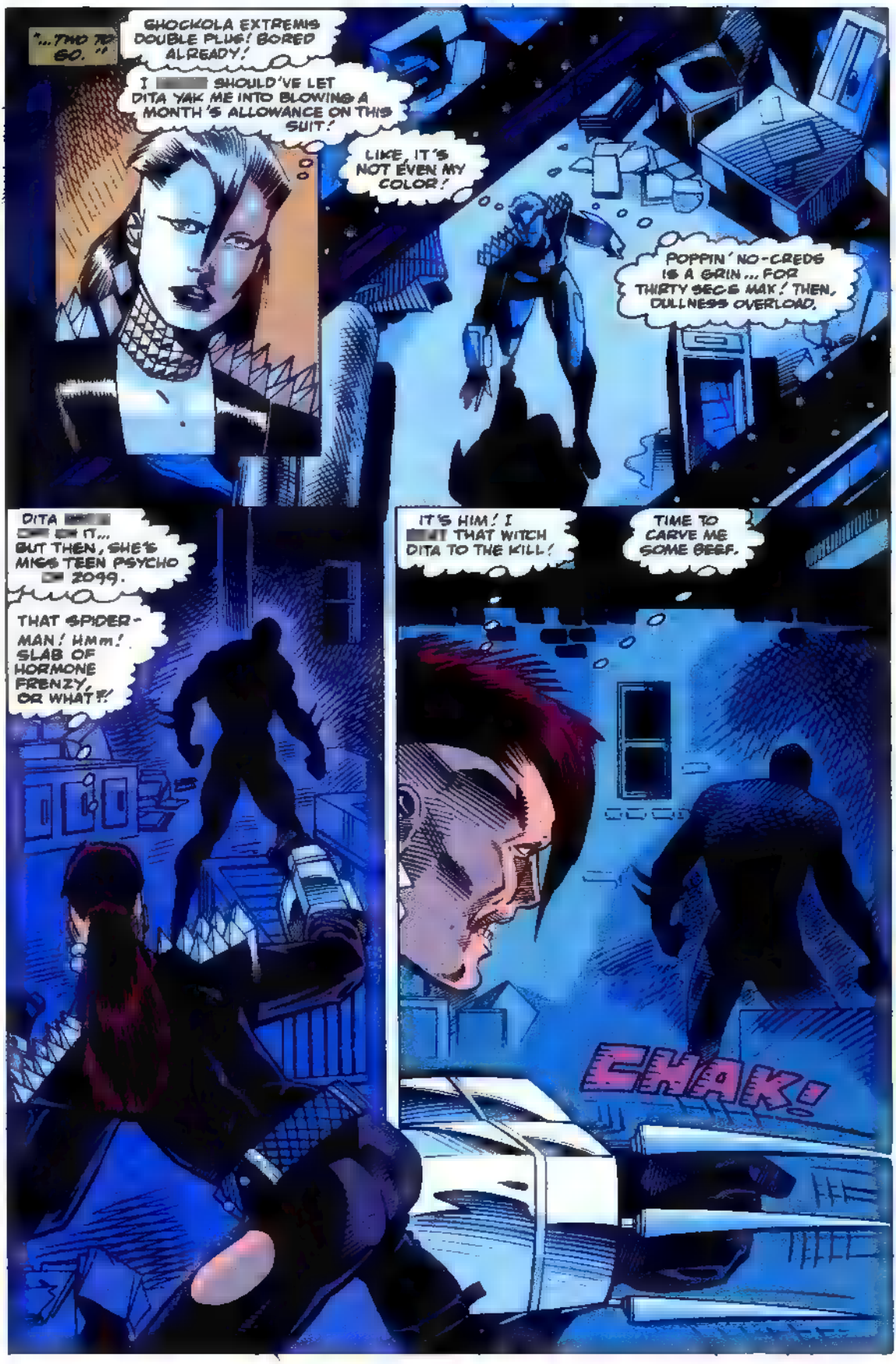
'CAUSE IT'S ALL YOU'RE GOING TO GET!
SHOOM!
CRUMP!
:gnnnhh!?
WELCOME [redacted] THE EXCITINGLY LETHAL WORLD [redacted] STEALTH ARMOR TECHNOLOGY.
THE BEST A BLACK CARD CAN BUY.
BLACK CARD BRATS! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN.
I MET THEIR TYPE DURING MY SCHOLARSHIP AT ALCHEMAX. THEY THINK THEIR WEALTH ENTITLES THEM TO [redacted] WITH MURDER...

UNFORTUNATELY, THEY'RE RIGHT!
BESIDES PACKING A VARIABLE SONIC CANNON...
...EACH COMBAT CHASSIS AUGMENTS ITS USER'S PHYSICAL POTENTIAL FIVE HUNDRED PER CENT...
UNNN

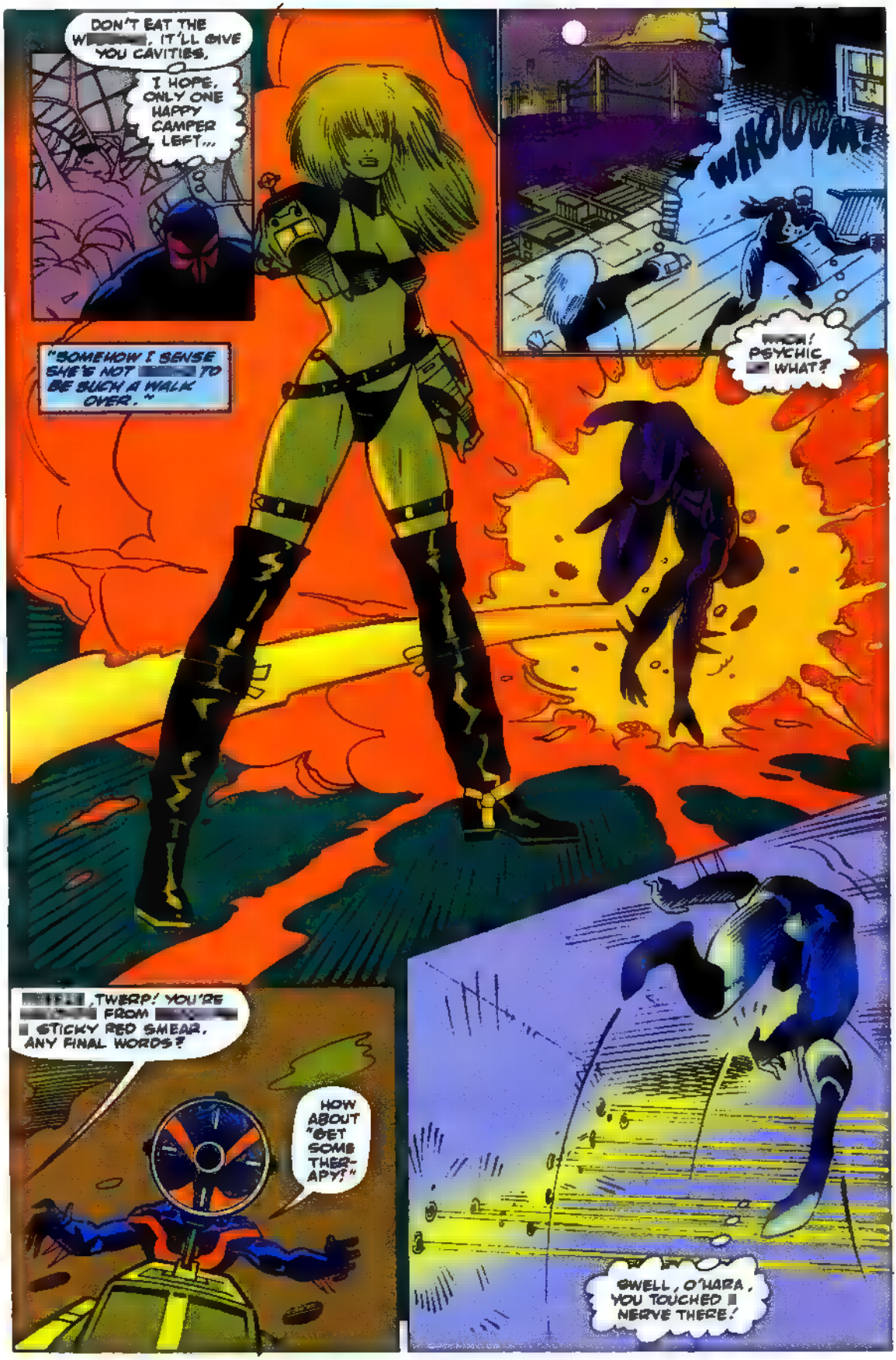
... [redacted] OR NEAT OPTIONAL EXTRAS, LIKE A HAND-HELD NEUTRON CHARGE.
PERFECT FOR THOSE LITTLE INCONVENIENCES.
YOU'RE KIDDING! YOU'D KILL THOUSANDS DOWN THERE!
I KNOW. YOUR MOVE.
TIME TO MAKE LIKE A TREE...
...AND LEAF.
...TO SOME- [redacted] I CAN [redacted] ADVANTAGE FROM THESE [redacted] OR THIS NEIGHBORHOOD'S DEAD MEAT!
DON'T LOSE HIM!
WHAT'S WITH THE NUKE? YOU COLLECTIN' ANTIQUES?
THIS HONEY GR[redacted] PROLES WITH NO FALLOUT, LEAVES PROPERTY INTACT. PRIME REDEVELOPMENT ACRES [redacted] POPPA'S CORP!
HA! HA! STILL DADDY'S SWEET LITTLE GIRL?
ROLL OVER AND DIE, JENA!! YOU'LL SOON SEE HOW SWEET I AM!

THIS IS FUN! [redacted] D'YOU DO FOR AN ENCORE, O'HARA, STICK YOUR [redacted] IN A BLENDER?
FAN OUT. FIND HIM. GAME'S NOT OVER YET.
HOPE I'M SMART AS I THINK I AM OR THIS'LL BE OVER REAL QUICK.
"COME INTO MY PARLOR," SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY.
TARGET ZOOM
range 0.01
EEK! DITA, THAT YOU?
HUH?

BOO! I THOUGHT SHE'D LIKE ME WITHOUT MY MASK... AND WITH MY FANGS!
EEEEE
EEUMMPHH!
SORRY MA. LET YOU DOWN AGAIN.
HE SHOOTS... HE SCORES!
MA ALWAYS TAUGHT ME NOT TO FIGHT WITH GIRLS...
WHOA! GOTTA MOVE FAST... WHERE IS IT? GOTCHA!
TRY SASHAYING YOUR BOD NOW WITHOUT ANY [redacted] ASSIST!
ONE DOWN...


"...TWO TO GO."
CHOCKOLA EXTREMIS DOUBLE PLUS! BORED ALREADY!
I [redacted] SHOULD'VE LET DITA YAK ME INTO BLOWING A MONTH'S ALLOWANCE ON THIS SUIT!
LIKE, IT'S NOT EVEN MY COLOR!
POPPIN' NO-CREDS IS A GRIN... FOR THIRTY SECS MAX! THEN, DULLNESS OVERLOAD.
DITA [redacted] IT... BUT THEN, SHE'S MIGS TEEN PSYCHO [redacted] 2099.
THAT SPIDER-MAN! HMm! SLAB OF HORMONE FRENZY, OR WHAT?!
IT'S HIM! I [redacted]T THAT WITCH DITA TO THE KILL!
TIME TO CARVE ME SOME BEEF.
CHAK!

SURPRISE!!
EEGGHH! WHAT GIVES?
BETTER LOOK SHARP. [redacted] WEBBING [redacted] THAT DUMMY [redacted] WON'T HOLD HER LONG.
MY, YOU LOOK LOVELY TONIGHT. YOUR EYES, YOUR HAIR... [redacted] ARMOR.
HOLD THAT POSE, I WANT TO REMEMBER YOU LIKE THIS ALWAYS.
LEMME LOOSE, YA CREEPOZOID!!
SAY, ISN'T TONIGHT A HOMEWORK NIGHT?
[redacted] SHOMMPH!!


DON'T EAT THE W[redacted], IT'LL GIVE YOU CAVITIES.
I HOPE, ONLY ONE HAPPY CAMPER LEFT...
WHOOOM!
[redacted]! PSYCHIC [redacted] WHAT?
"SOMEHOW I SENSE SHE'S NOT [redacted] TO BE SUCH A WALK OVER."
[redacted], TWERP! YOU'RE [redacted] FROM [redacted] STICKY RED SMEAR. ANY FINAL WORDS?
HOW ABOUT "GET SOME THERAPY!"
SWELL, O'HARA, YOU TOUCHED [redacted] NERVE THERE!

HOLD IT! LOOK, INSTEAD OF THIS "YOU SHOOT ME, I RUN AWAY" STUFF, CAN'T WE TALK THIS OUT?
WE'RE CIVILIZED PEOPLE!
SAYS WHO?
BA-WHOOOM!
GOT TO STOP HER OR SHE'LL BRING THIS PLACE DOWN AROUND OUR EARS!
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHAT'S THE POINT?

BECAUSE I CAN... BECAUSE I LIKE IT.
NO ONE CARES WHETHER THESE GIMPS LIVE OR DIE. THEY'RE AN EXPLOITABLE RESOURCE LIKE ANY OTHER.
THEY'RE PEOPLE!
REALLY? OH, GOSH, WELL, EXCUSE ME!
YOU LOVE THEM SO MUCH, JOIN THEM...
...IN VALHALLA!
BREKK!
HUH?
SKKRACK!

EEAAHHH!
NNUHHH!
HOLD ON, I'M COMING.
DON'T LET ME FALL!
I WON'T...
DON'T LET ME...

GO HOME, GIRLS. FUN'S OVER.
LIKE THIS? IT'S MILES AWAY!
TOUGH.
WHEN OUR POPPAS HEAR WHAT YOU DID TO DITA, YOU'LL BE DEADWARE.
FINE. TELL THEM TO JOIN THE LINE.
PLEASE! THERE ARE SLASH GANGS AN' RIPPER KIDS DOWN HERE... I'M SCARED. CAN WE HAVE OUR CARDS BACK... please?
WELL... OKAY.
HERE.
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!
SNAP!
oh...
NO!!!
GOODNIGHT, LADIES.
END.